

POLICE

COMICS

JUNE No.91

10¢

PLASTIC MAN
finds
**THE FOREST
PRIMEVAL!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



The **BEST** costs you **LESS** at these
FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS

Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS

Entire
SEAT
PROTECTED
Front
and
Back

Sleek!

Smartly
Trimmed
with
Richly Grained
LEATHERETTE

*Way
Below
Retail!*

**ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME
MATERIAL USED IN COVERS
SELLING UP TO \$25!**

Our direct-factory prices offer you tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger! More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in quality, smart styling and value. Stunning plaid designs in softly harmonious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto Seat Cover is carefully finished with elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit. Just the handsome, thoroughbred accent of elegance your car deserves.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely 100% satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.

Sturdy!

Money Saving!

JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make
Auto—New or Old Models

FORD	PACKARD	STUDEBAKER
PLYMOUTH	FRAZER	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	CADILLAC	BUICK
CHRYSLER	LA SALLE	HUDSON
PONTIAC	CHEVROLET	Kaiser
MERCURY	DeSOTO	LINCOLN
WILLYS	NASH	LAFATETTE
	TERRAPLANE	

EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door sedan—front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe



2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

\$398 for 3-passenger solid back coupe, or rear seat of coach or sedan
\$895 complete set of covers for sedan or coach



**BUY DIRECT
AND SAVE
BY MAIL**

Our Factory-to-You
Prices Mean Guar-
anteed Savings

GAYLARK PRODUCTS 615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY

**GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. M2
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.**

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Complete front and back covers \$8.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Front seat cover only \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 | My car is a 19.... Make..... |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3-pass. solid back coupe or rear seat of coach or sedan \$3.98 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Type 1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Type 2 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Type 3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2-door |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rush postpaid—\$.....enclosed. | <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. plus postage. |

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

- ☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set
☐ Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00

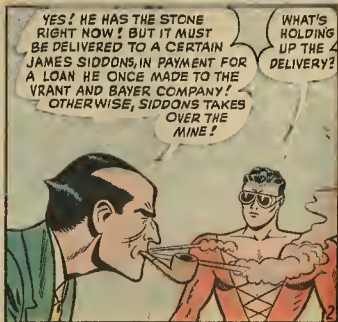
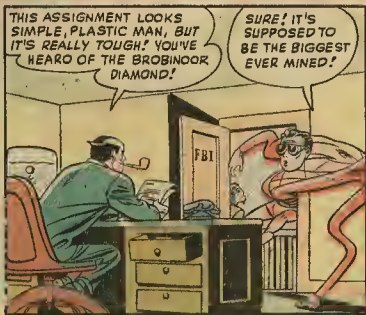
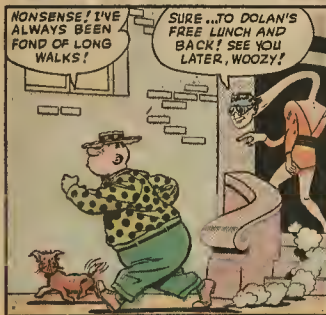
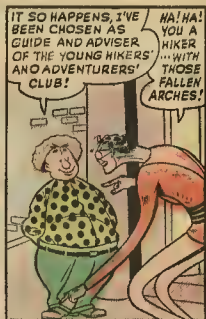
PLASTIC MAN

NOW, ADVENTURE
LOVERS, TO GO ON
WITH MY LECTURE
ON THE PSYCHOLOGY
OF CRIMINALS...
TAKE A CROOK...

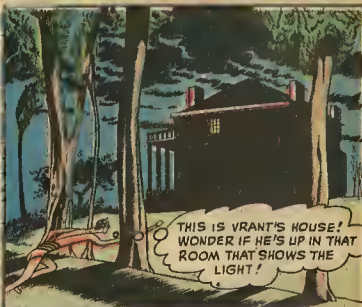
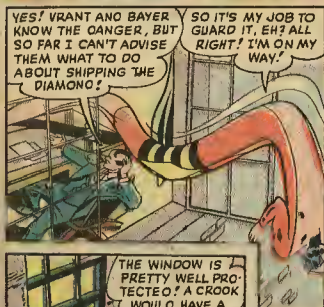
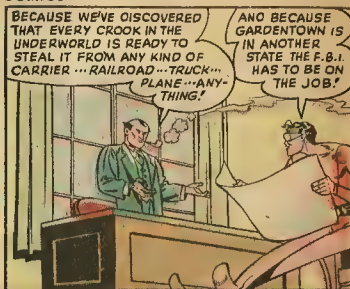
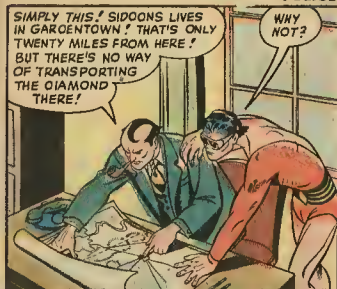
YES... DO!
AND HOLD HIM
WHILE I GET
HIS PAL!



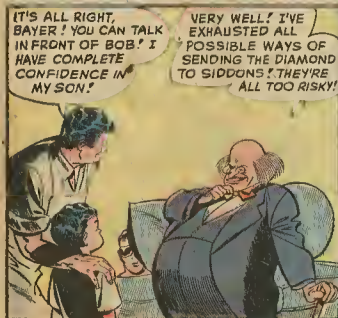
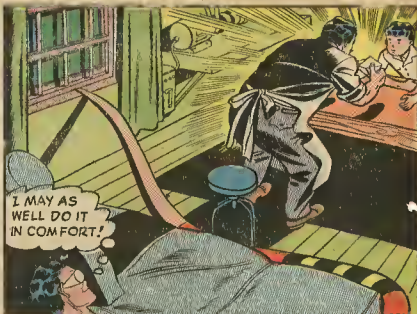
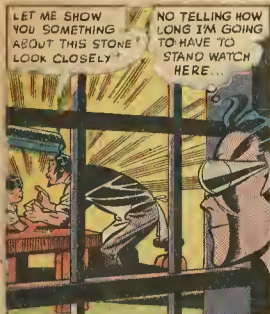
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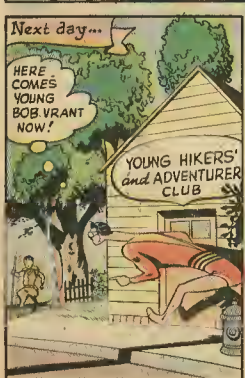
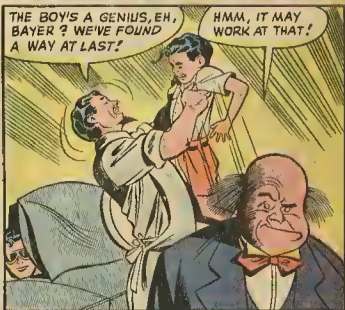
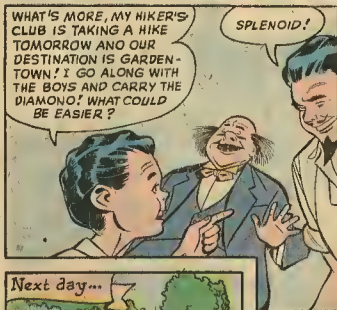
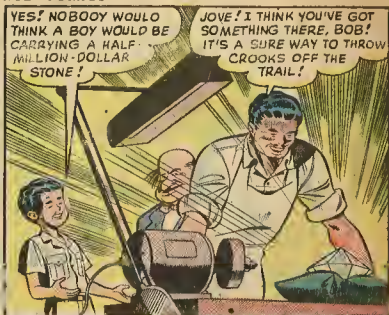
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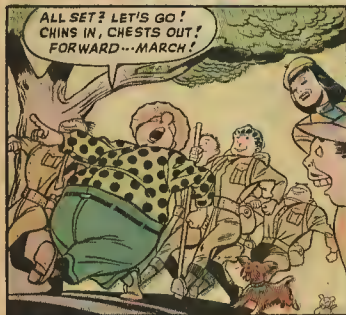
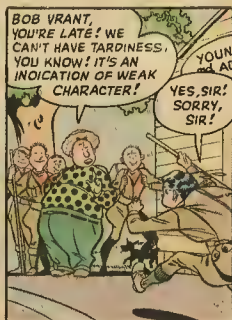
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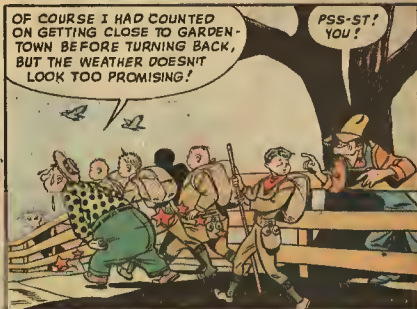
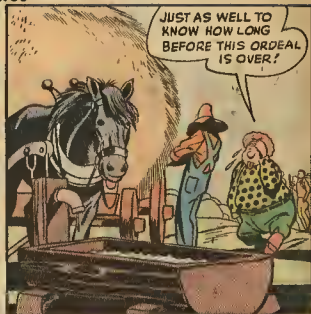
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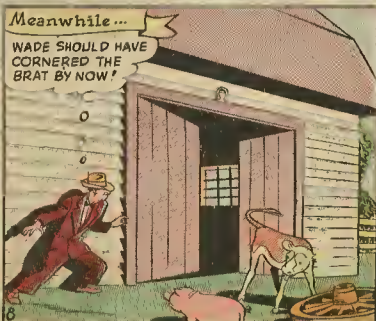
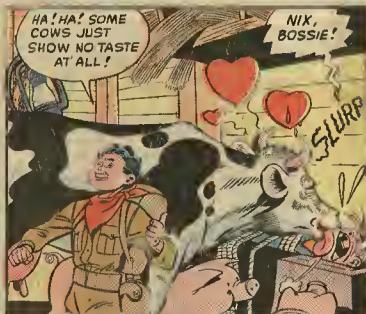
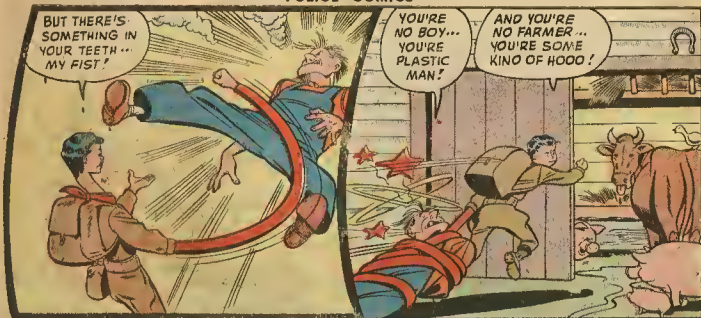
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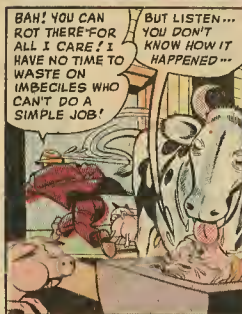
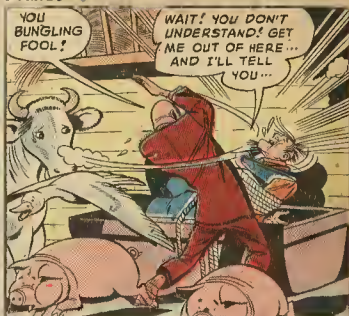
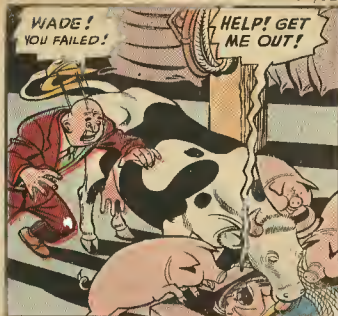


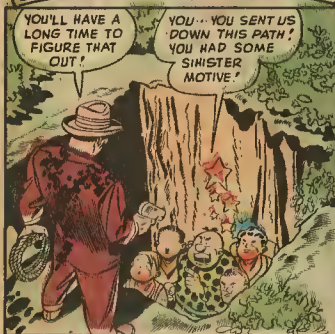
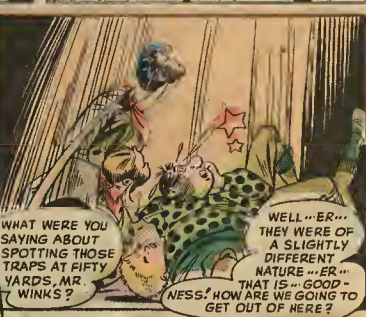
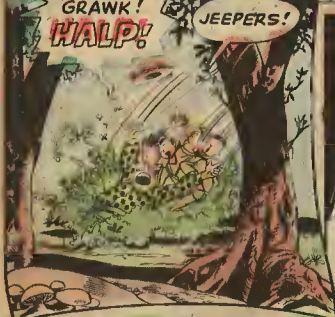
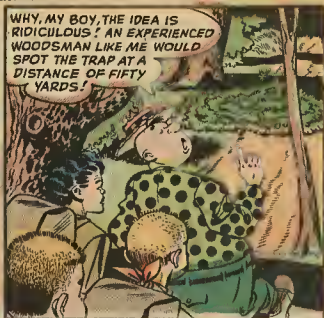
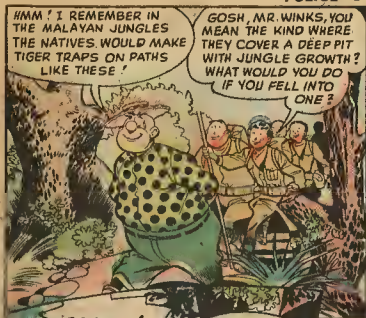
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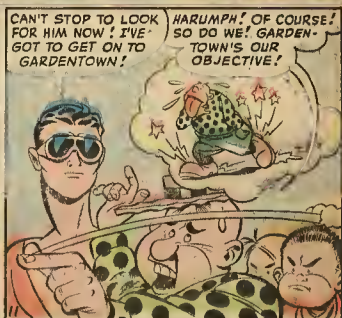
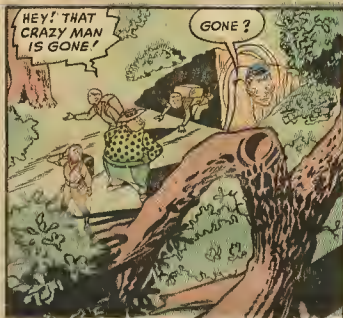
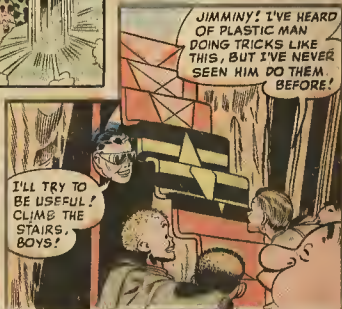
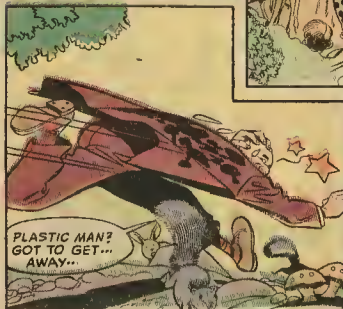
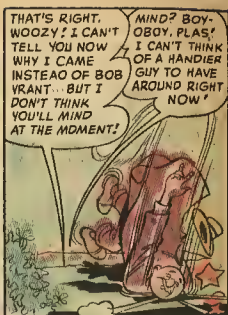


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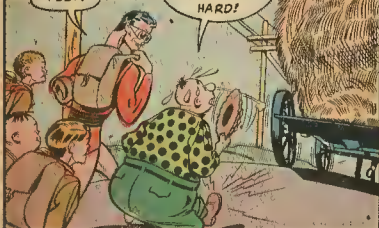




Several miles down the road...

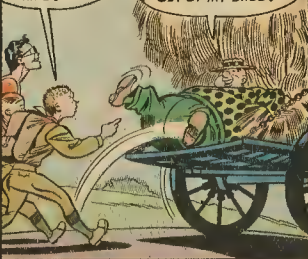
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WOOLLY? DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVE TENDER FEET!

NOT AT ALL! IT'S JUST THAT THEY MAKE THESE ROADS SO HARD!



HEY, MR. WINKS, NO FAIR! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HIKE!

OF COURSE! I JUST WANT TO SIT DOWN HERE TO GET A PEBBLE OUT OF MY SHOE!



AH! THIS FEELS GOOD!

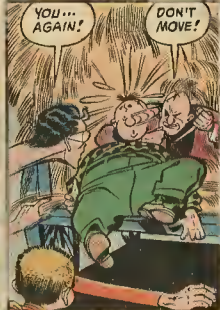


YAWP! FEELS LIKE SOME KIND OF ANIMAL UNDER ME!



YOU... AGAIN!

DON'T MOVE!



THOUGHT YOU WERE CLEVER DISGUIISING YOURSELF AS BOB VRANT, EH, PLASTIC MAN? HAND OVER THE DIAMOND OR YOUR FRIEND'S A GONE GOOSE!

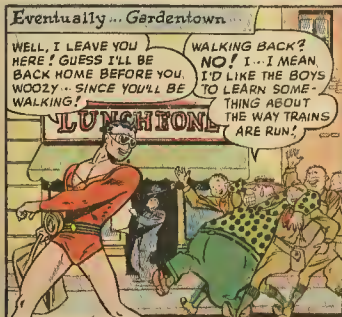
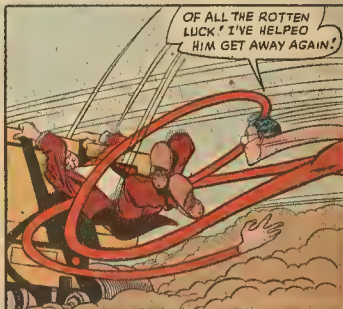
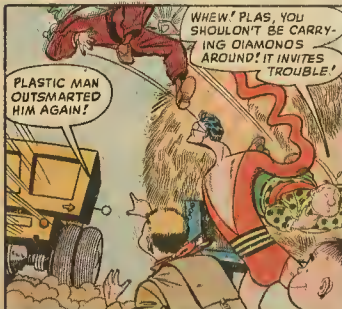
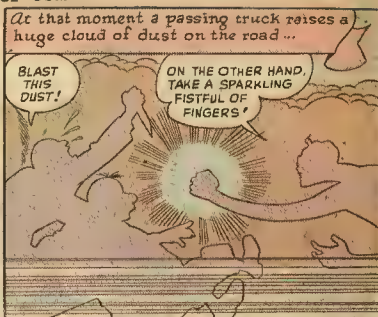
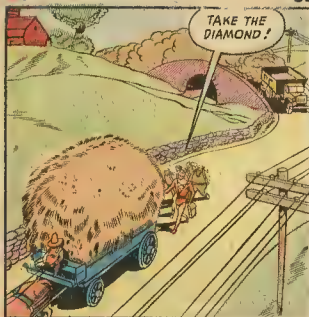
HE'S DESPERATE ENOUGH TO KILL WOOLLY BEFORE I MAKE ANY SORT OF MOVE! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE DIAMOND!

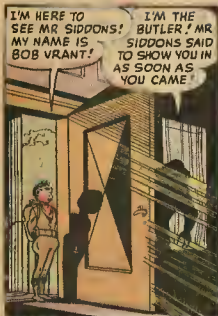


ALL RIGHT! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! HERE IT IS!

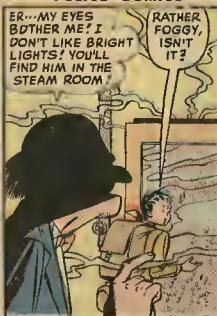
HA! HA! I THOUGHT I WAS THROUGH WHEN MY TIGER TRAP FAILED, BUT LUCK WAS WITH ME!



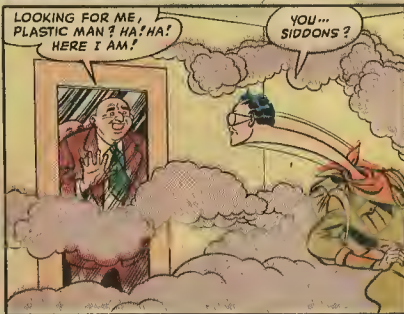
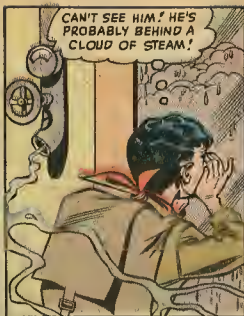




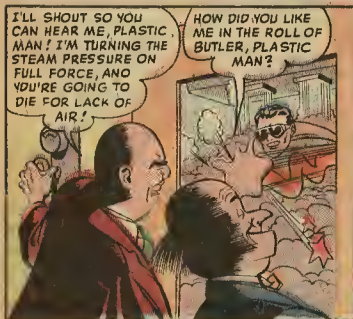
I'M THE BUTLER, MR SIDDONS SAID TO SHOW YOU IN AS SOON AS YOU CAME



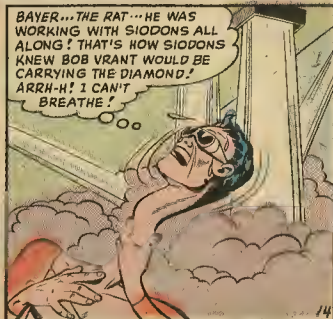
RATHER FOGGY, ISN'T IT?

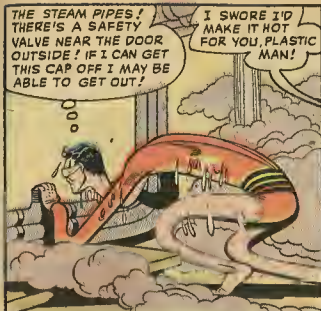


YOU... SIDDONS?



HOW DID YOU LIKE ME IN THE ROLL OF BUTLER, PLASTIC MAN?





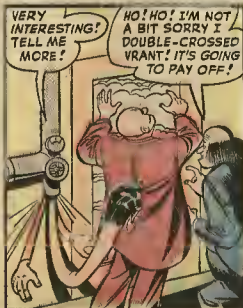
THE STEAM PIPES! THERE'S A SAFETY VALVE NEAR THE DOOR OUTSIDE! IF I CAN GET THIS CAP OFF I MAY BE ABLE TO GET OUT!

I SWORE I'D MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU, PLASTIC MAN!



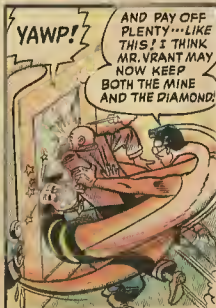
SOON I CAN RELIEVE YOU OF THAT HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR DIAMOND, AND I STILL GET THE VRANT AND BAYER DIAMOND MINE! HEH! HEH! MY FRIEND BAYER KNEW WHICH SIDE HIS BREAD WAS BUTTERED ON!

THE CAP'S OFF!



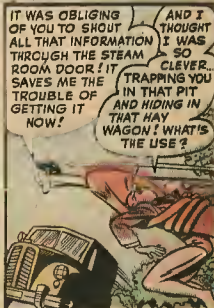
VERY INTERESTING! TELL ME MORE!

HO! HO! I'M NOT A BIT SORRY I DOUBLE-CROSSED VRANT! IT'S GOING TO PAY OFF!



YAWP!

AND PAY OFF PLenty...LIKE THIS! I THINK MR. VRANT MAY NOW KEEP BOTH THE MINE AND THE DIAMOND!

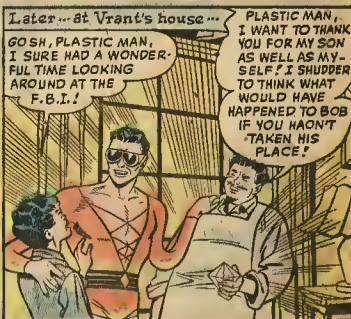


IT WAS OBLIGING OF YOU TO SHOUT ALL THAT INFORMATION THROUGH THE STEAM ROOM DOOR! IT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF GETTING IT NOW!

AND I THOUGHT I WAS SO CLEVER TRAPPING YOU IN THAT PIT AND HIDING IN THAT HAY WAGON! WHAT'S THE USE?



NO USE AT ALL, SIDDOONS! SOON YOU'LL BE PLAYING A LONG ENGAGEMENT... AS A JAILBIRD! THAT GOES FOR MR. BAYER, TOO!



Later...at Vrant's house...

GOSH, PLASTIC MAN, I SURE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME LOOKING AROUND AT THE F.B.I.!

PLASTIC MAN, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR MY SON AS WELL AS MYSELF! I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO BOB IF YOU HADN'T TAKEN HIS PLACE!

CANDY

SINCE CANDY BECAME A CAREER GIRL, I JUST HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TO ASK HER OUT FOR A 15 CENT SODA!

IT'S NO USE, MR FLEABOTTOM... I CAN'T ACCEPT A CENT LESS THAN \$35,000! AND THAT'S FINAL!

YES, I'LL TAKE THE 50 THOUSAND SHARES OF A.T.C. & P.I. I'M MAKING OUT A CHECK FOR IT RIGHT NOW!



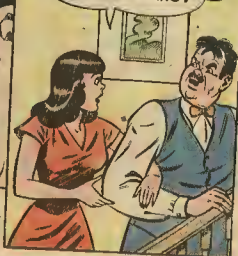
WORK, WORK, WORK... WORRY, WORRY... MUTTER!

TIMOTHY, YOU'VE BEEN PACING THE FLOOR ALL EVENING! WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND RELAX?



RELAX? HOW CAN I RELAX WITH ALL THAT WORK AT THE STORE, AND THE NEW GIRL I HIRED HOME SICK?

NOW, DON'T WORRY, FATHER! AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST THINGS WILL LOOK BRIGHTER IN THE MORNING!



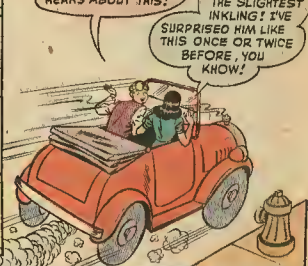
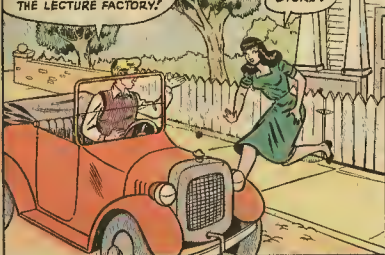
Next morning...

BETTER RUSH, THRUSH,
OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR
THE LECTURE FACTORY!

I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL
TODAY, TEO! DAD NEEDS
ME TO HELP OUT IN THE
STORE!

EXPLOITING THE YOUNGER
GENERATION, EH? WAIT'LL
THE TRUANT OFFICER
HEARS ABOUT THIS!

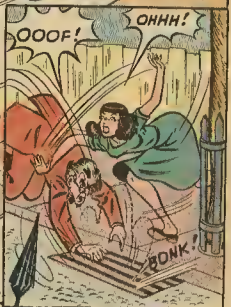
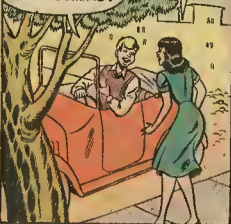
OH, IT'S ALL
MY OWN IDEA!
DAD HASN'T
THE SLIGHTEST
INKLING! I'VE
SURPRISED HIM LIKE
THIS ONCE OR TWICE
BEFORE, YOU
KNOW!



OF COURSE,
TODAY'S HISTORY
TEST WOULDN'T
HAVE ANYTHING
TO DO WITH IT, EH,
DREAM SCHEME!

YOU'RE A KEEN
FIEND, M'BOY!
S'LONG NOW...
DIG YOU
LATER!

HMM! HERE'S A PENNY
SOMEONE LOST! WATCH
YOUR PENNIES AND YOUR
DOLLARS WILL TAKE
CARE OF THEMSELVES,
I ALWAYS SAY!



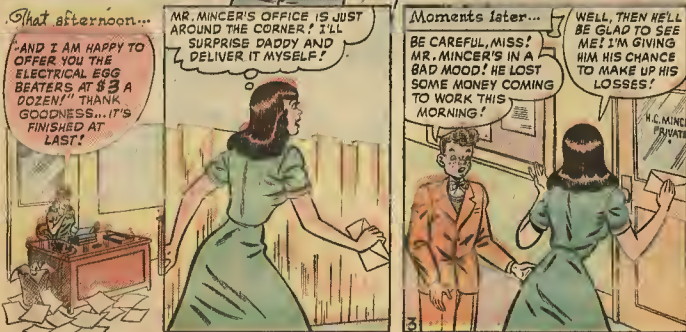
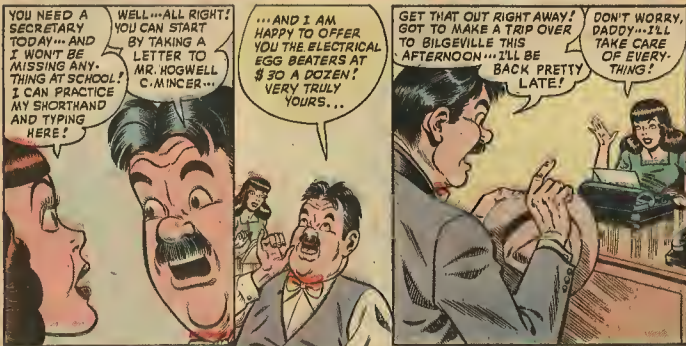
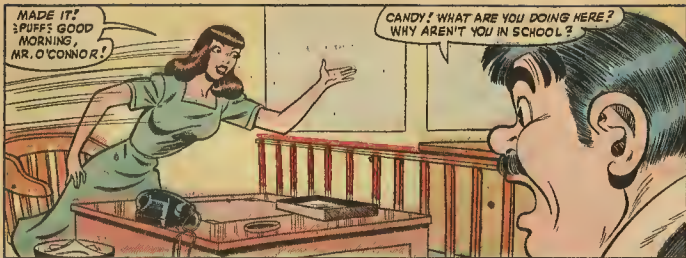
YOUNG LADY, YOU
MADE ME LOSE
THAT PENNY!

WELL, GOSH...DON'T
BLOW A FUSE,
MISTER...IT COULD
HAVE BEEN A
QUARTER!

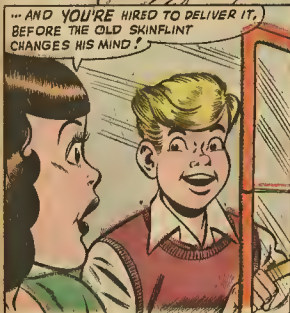
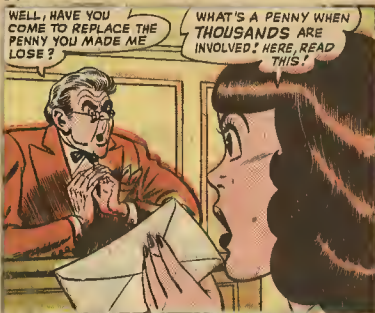
TSK! TSK! WHAT'S THIS YOUNGER
GENERATION COMING TO? THEY'LL
ALL END UP IN THE
POORHOUSE!

O'CONNOR'S
ELECTRICAL STORE





POLICE COMICS



Later...

A HUNDRED DOZEN! I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, CANDY! YOU CERTAINLY INHERITED THE O'CONNOR BUSINESS SENSE!

AND HE PAID CASH IN ADVANCE, DADDY! HERE'S THE MONEY... \$300!

HUH? YOU MEAN \$3,000, DON'T YOU?

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! THE PRICE OF THOSE ELECTRICAL EGG BEATERS IS \$30 A DOZEN! QUICK, GET THAT THIEF ON THE PHONE!

Y-YES, DADDY!



OH, HELLO, O'CONNOR! CERTAINLY NOT! I DON'T OWE YOU A CENT! YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO LOSE MONEY BECAUSE OF YOUR MISTAKE, DO YOU?

THAT OLD SKINFINT! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE'D TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

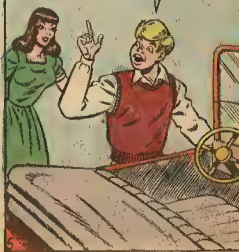
C'MON, GATE! I THINK WE'D BETTER EVAPORATE!

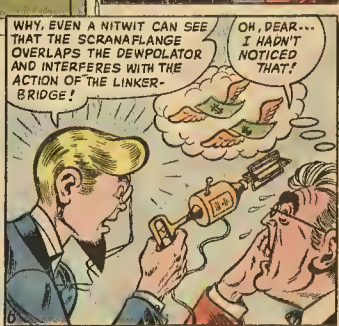
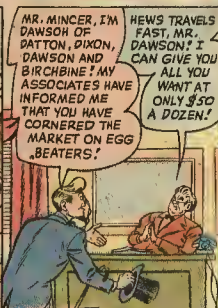
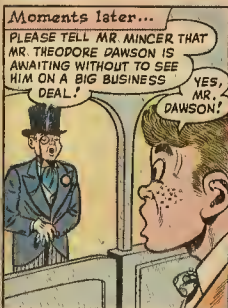
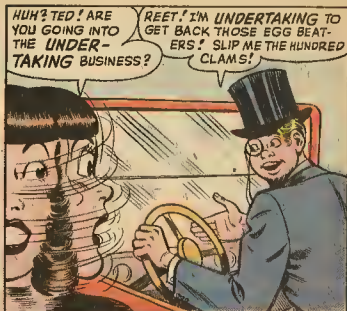
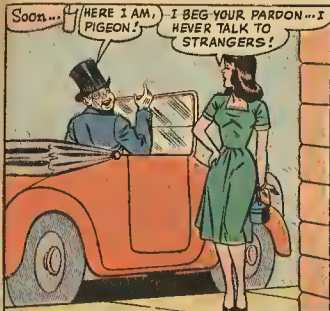
TEO DAWSON, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING FUNNY...

YOU WILL, YUM PLUM, IF MY PLAN WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT! HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU IN THE BANK?

ABOUT A HUNDRED DOLLARS... BUT I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TOUCH THAT!

DRAW IT OUT RIGHT AWAY... IT'S ONLY A LOAN! I GOTTA SCOOT HOME AND OIG UP SOMETHING! MEET YOU IN FRONT OF MINCERS IN HALF AN HOUR!





I'M AFRAID THE DEAL IS OFF, MR. MINCER! I BIO YOU GOOD-DAY!

WAIT... SUPPOSE WE CUT OUR PRICE TO... ER... \$25... \$15... \$5?

\$3 ... \$1.25... **SOLD!**
\$1?
MR. MINCER, YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN!

THE NERVE OF THAT CROOK! O'CONNOR, STICKER ME WITH DEFECTIVE MERCHANDISE!

YOU AGAIN!

TA'TA! MINCER, OLO PIE!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! HELP! POLICE!

WELL, NOT BAD! MADE A MONKEY OUT OF OLD MINCER, AND \$200 PROFIT BESIDES! HERE'S AN EXTRA FIFTY FOR YOUR BANK ACCOUNT!

THANKS, DADDY!

HOW ABOUT GIVING TEO AND ME VACATION JOBS IN THE STORE THIS SUMMER?

HORRORS, NO! MY NERVES COULD NEVER STAND THE STRAIN!



Follow the leader

THE insistent throbbing of the drums grew steadily louder, spurring the bronzed figures into still more frenzied contortions. The flickering firelight caught the flashing bodies in weird shadow patterns, now looming high against the trees, now broadening in the yellow circle of light.

Though the evening was warm Woozy Winks shivered and drew closer to his companion. "I don't like it, Plas," he chattered. "Suppose these Indians should go berserk."

"Don't fret, my chubby little friend," Plastic Man said lightly. "Your only worry is if we are among cannibals. No self-respecting Indian would be caught with our scalp."

"Don't talk like that, Plas," the little man said, fingering his sparse head of hair nervously. "A fine vacation this is," he grumbled. "I don't like sleeping on the ground in those pointed tents. With all the creepy things like snakes and hazards around here it's a wonder I get any sleep at all."

"And another thing," he complained, "that chicken we had tonight sure had a lot of funny bones."

"You mean the rattlesnake meat?" Plas questioned. "I noticed you had five helpings of it."

"Rattlesnake meat?" Woozy groaned, clutching his ample stomach. "I won't eat another bite around this reservation I'll starve first."

"That should take some time with the supply you've already stored away," Plas commented dryly. "Quiet now, the most important part of the ceremony is starting."

The drums fell silent. A blood-curdling yell rose from the throats of the dancers before they collapsed exhausted to the sand. A wrinkled old Chief strode from the shadows, bearing an elaborate eagle-feather headdress. He stopped in front of Plastic Man, and gravely placed the war bonnet on the crime-buster.

"Ho, Great-warrior-who-stretch-a-mile," the old man intoned. "Bearclaw make you honorary chief to sit in war councils and smoke pipe of peace with your brothers of Rattlesnake Clan."

Plastic Man accepted the headdress in silence but cast a sharp glance at Woozy when the latter groaned softly, "Rattlesnakes, ngh!"

Just then a young Indian handed a less elaborate headdress to the old warrior. With a barely noticeable twinkle in his piercing black eyes he placed it on Woozy's head.

"Bearclaw name you 'Little-brave-with-stomach-like-gopher,'" he said.

Next morning Woozy rolled out of his sleeping bag and called over to his friend. "Can we start packing for home, Plas?" he asked. "You said as soon as we were initiated into the Indian tribe we could leave."

"I'm afraid not," Plastic Man said. "It seems Chief Bearclaw had ulterior motives when he invited us. He's called a special council this morning. I can't very well walk out on them now."

"Golly," the chubby man complained, "I want to get back to the city, where I'll know what I'm eating. Besides, what's the FBI going to do while we're gone? Probably the crooks are taking the city over since we're not there."

"We'll worry about that when we get there," Plas said. "Right now I want to see what's bothering Chief Bearclaw."

Plastic Man lifted the flap on the council tepee and stepped into the dim interior. The circle of seated Indians was impassive but troubled eyes gave a hint of the gravity of the situation.

Chief Bearclaw nodded solemnly to Plastic Man, who took his place to the right of the old man. Then the wrinkled chief stood up and addressed the silent group.

"Warriors of the Rattlesnake Clan, we come here to receive counsel from the great warrior for justice."

"We are a proud people but our life is threatened. If we do not have sheep to produce wool for squaws to weave and meat for our children to eat our tribe will perish in the winter snows."

Turning to Plastic Man, the old chief entreated, "We ask you, o mighty brother, to learn why our flocks vanish, and our herds do not return from the mountain pasture lands."

Later as Plastic Man walked back to his tent Woozy hailed him. "You're late, Plas," he said, "I just ate our dinner. . . shall I start packing?"

"Not yet," Plas said, withdrawing a bundle of clothes from under his arm. "Put these buckskins on. For a few hours you're going to be an Indian sheep-herder."

"Aw, Plas," Wozy said in disgust, "what do I know about lamb chops on the hoof? . . . say," he reconsidered, "maybe that's not such a bad idea. Lead me to those walking lamb-burgers."

"There'll be none of that," Plastic Man admonished. "We have to find out why this tribe is losing sheep. With your appetite it wouldn't take long to finish off the few that are left."

A chill wind swept over the grass-covered slopes. The sheep were huddled together in a small sheltered cut in the hillside. Wozy gathered his leather shirt about him, shivering. "Why is it I draw all these lousy jobs?" he thought bitterly. "Plas is probably sitting by a nice warm campfire while I freeze. The sheep have the only warm place on this whole mountainside."

The sheep stirred restlessly as the stillness of the night was disturbed by the labored chugging of an automobile engine. Wozy tried to pierce the gloom but he could see nothing.

"Why would anybody want to come up to this deserted spot?" Wozy thought. "That road doesn't lead anywhere. The must have gotten lost. But it doesn't help me any," he muttered, sinking down behind a rock to get out of the knifing wind.

The pale moon slid from obscuring clouds, bathing the slope in a silvery brilliance. A dark shape moved swiftly up the hill past Wozy and into the tightly packed mass of sheep. A frantic baaing broke out and the sheep started from the natural pen.

"I wonder what's gotten into them?" Wozy thought, as he watched them trot down the slope. "Plas didn't tell me what to do if the sheep started to run away. I better follow them."

When Wozy had almost reached the road, a shadow detached itself from a boulder and a throaty voice ordered, "Hold it, Buster."

"O.K., friend," the shadow continued, "march down to the truck."

Frightened, Wozy complied, not knowing whether the glinting object in his captor's hand was a gun or not. The dark shape of a van loomed before them. Wozy stared in amazement as the sheep walked up the ramp into the interior of the truck trailer.

Another man, also armed, met them on the road. "I gotta hand it to you, Mac," Wozy's

captor said to the second man. "I never thought me, Red the Rat, would be rustling sheep for a racket."

"Cut the chatter," Mac said tersely. "You better close the tailgate as soon as all the sheep are in. We don't want to hang around here any longer than we have to. I heard Plastic Man is staying at one of the Indian villages. I sure don't want to tangle with him."

"Those Indians would be surprised if they knew all their sheep were just a few miles on the other side of the ridge," Red said, as he went to the rear of the truck. "That was a smart move, Mac, buying that broken-down ranch for a blind. This is easier than vaudeville."

"Shut up," Mac snarled. "We still have to go to the trouble of knocking off this fat little redskin. He knows too much."

"No speak English," Wozy gulped.

Wozy watched as the sheep crowded into the large van. Finally there was only one animal left, a ram. Red prodded the ram with his foot but it refused to go up the ramp.

Red drew back a foot and kicked. The ram dodged nimbly to one side and an arm shot out of its body, pushing the kicker's foot up higher. Red toppled backward and fell heavily. As Mac moved over to the recalcitrant ram the animal shot out another arm, slapping the pistol from his hand. Then, as the ram stood on its hind legs, its body filled out. Finally the blunt muzzle recoiled and rearranged itself.

"It's Plastic Man," Red screamed, scrambling away on all fours. Suddenly Mac turned and tried to flee down the slope, but a long arm encircled his waist and drew him back. At the same time a heavy foot pressed on Red's back, pinning him to the ground.

Later, aboard an airliner bound for home, Wozy sank back contentedly in his cushioned seat. "We sure showed those sheep-nappers," he said to Plas, who was sitting next to him. "But how did they manage to make those sheep get into the truck so easily?"

"It's a well-known fact," Plastic Man explained patiently, "that sheep will follow a leader blindly. Mac was a former animal trainer. He trained a ram to go to the herds and lead them to the truck. With the prices of wool and lamb so high these days, they figured to clean up."

"By the way, Wozy," he questioned, "what was that package you brought along from the reservation?"

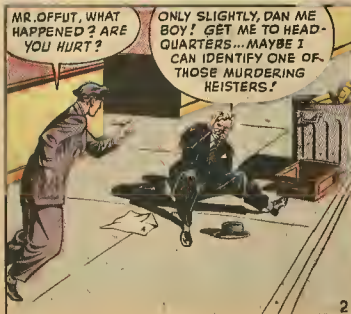
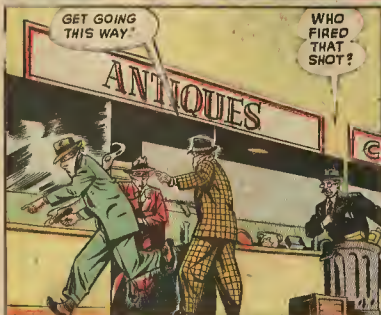
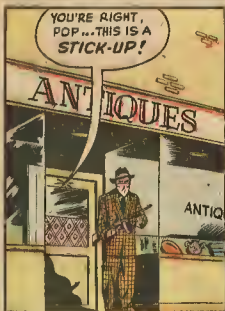
"Rattlesnake meat," Wozy said defensively. "I'm beginning to like the stuff."

Manhunter

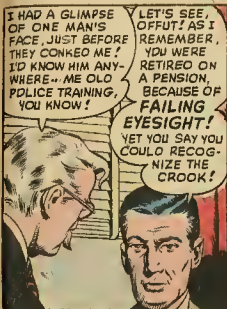


ACTION FOR MAN AND BEAST!
 When Officer Dan Richards becomes
MANHUNTER, he and four-footed
 crime-catcher Thor pierce the web of
 mystery that shrouds the loss of a
 life and the finding of a treasure!

POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



I HAD A GLIMPSE OF ONE MAN'S FACE, JUST BEFORE THEY KONKEO ME! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE... ME OLO POLICE TRAINING, YOU KNOW!

LET'S SEE, OFFUT! AS I REMEMBER, YOU WERE RETIRED ON A PENSION, BECAUSE OF FAILING EYESIGHT! YET YOU SAY YOU COULD RECOGNIZE THE CROOK!



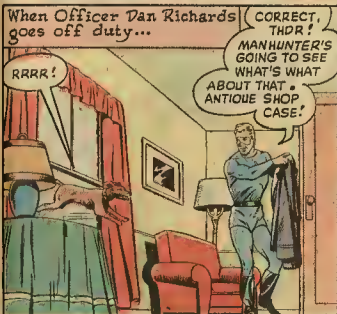
BUT ME EYES ARE BETTER, WITH THESE NEW GLASSES! AND I'VE AN IDEA...

AN IDEA KONCKED INTO YOUR HEAD BY THAT CLIP ON THE CROWN, NO DOUBT! THANKS, OFFUT, BUT LEAVE THIS TO THE ACTIVE DEPARTMENT!



HIS FEELINGS ARE HURT, INSPECTOR! AND HE MIGHT HAVE HAD SOME THING!

NO, HE'S LIKE ALL THE OTHER RETIRED HAS-BEENS! HE WANTS TO BUTT IN! I'LL GO AHEAD ON MY OWN CLUES, RICHARDS!



When Officer Van Richards goes off duty...

RRRR!

CORRECT, THDR! MANHUNTER'S GOING TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT THAT ANTIQUE SHOP CASE!



BEDAD, THE INSPECTOR MAY BE RIGHT! I'M TOO OLD, TOO CARELESS, MY EYES DIM...

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, MR. OFFUT! YOU DID SEE ONE OF THE CROOKS AND YOU SAY YOU RECOGNIZED HIM...



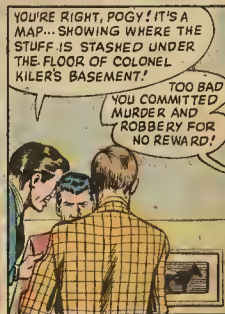
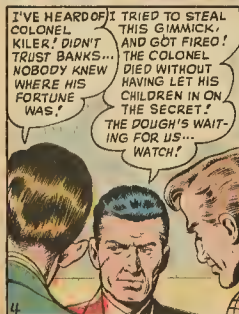
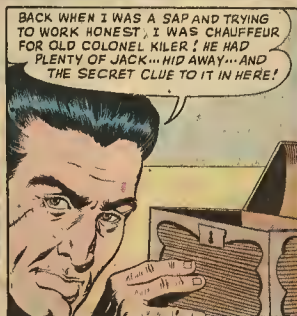
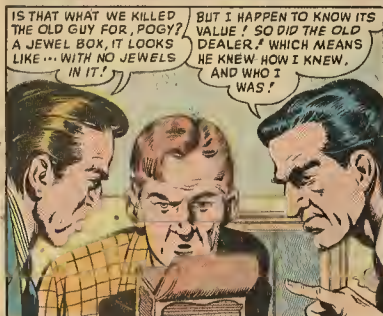
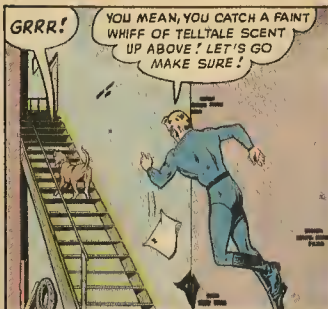
NO, I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! BUT I'D KNOW HIM AGAIN, AFTER PULLING THIS HANKERCHIEF FROM HIS FACE!

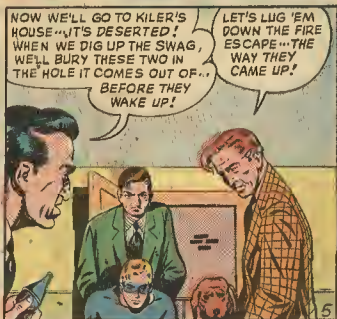
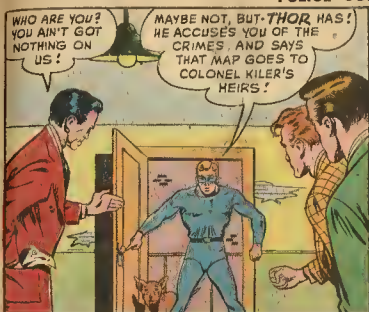
LET ME SEE THE HANKERCHIEF!



BUT IT'S NO REAL CLUE! THOUSANDS OF HANKERCHIEFS LIKE THAT ONE... EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE INK STAIN ON ONE CORNER!

HMM... THOR'S STUDYING THE SCENT... HE'LL RECOGNIZE THE MAN WHO WORE IT!





POLICE COMICS

THE CAR'S IN THE ALLEY!
WE'LL TOSS 'EM IN, START
UP, AND...



EASY, MEN! LOOK
OOWN! IT'S THAT OLD
COOT WHO TRIED TO
STOP US ONCE
BEFORE!



THE HANDKERCHIEF WITH
THE INK STAIN! PERHAPS
DROPPED HERE TO GUIDE
ME TO...



TO GUIDE YOU
TO YOUR FINISH,
POP!

I RECOGNIZE YOU!
PERHAPS I MIGHT HAVE
BEEN MISTAKEN WITH
ONLY ONE GLANCE... I'LL
NEVER FORGET
YOU NOW!



YOU'LL NEVER
RAT ON ME!



GO ON AND SHOOT!
THE SHOT'LL MAKE
PLENTY OF NOISE...
YOU WON'T HAVE THE
LUCK TO ESCAPE
TWICE!



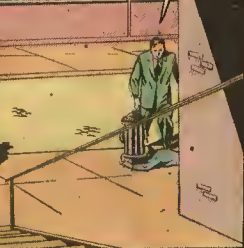
SHUT UP AND
STAND WHERE
YOU ARE!



FINISH THIS OLD
SPY OFF, BOYS!
QUIET AND
PERMANENT!



A PLEASURE,
POGY!



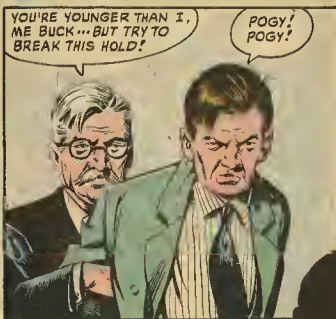
WATER...
DRIPPING...
WAKING ME
UP...

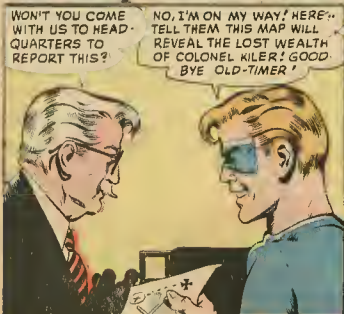
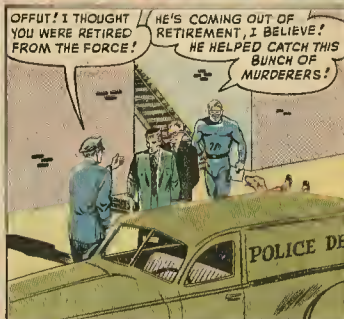
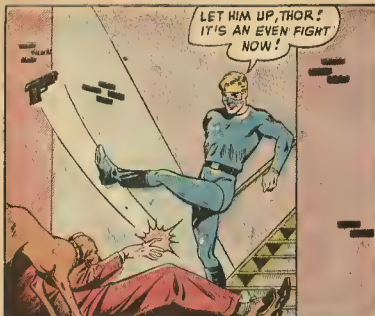


YOU'RE RIGHT, POGY!
HE'S THE GUY WHO
TRIED TO STOP US
BEFORE! WE'LL
STOP HIM!



POLICE COMICS





Amazing  **NEW** Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

WEATHER FORECASTER



GIFT offer
We will send you a
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**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
if you order your
Weather House
promptly

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FOR YOUR GIFT SUN
DIAL WRIST WATCH**

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☐ Send C.O.D.

☐ I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid.

☐ 2 for \$2.69

☐ 6 for \$8.00

☐ 12 for \$15.00

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"U.S. ROYAL"

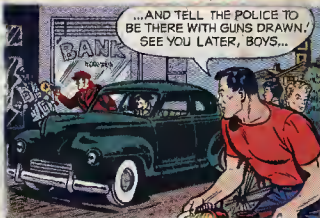
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BAMBOOZLING THE
BANK ROBBERS**



WHEN
DESPERATE
GUNMEN ROB
THE TOWN
BANK, DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF THE
ELM CITY BIKE
CLUB GO
INTO ACTION
WITH A
DARING PLAN!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS.

GOOD THING THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN... NOW TO PLANT THAT SIGN AT THE HIGH-WAY TURN-OFF.



AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE--
RIGHT INTO A DEAD
END TRAP! BUT
THE SIGN...



GREAT WORK,
BOYS! WE
SURPRISED
THOSE CROOKS
WITH A
ROYAL
RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES
GAVE US PLENTY OF
SPEED WITH SAFETY.
RIGHT, FELLAS? AND,
SAY, SPEAKING OF
SURPRISES--I'VE GOT
A REAL ONE WAITING
FOR YOU...



LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE
COMIC BOOK
ON BIKING?!
LET'S SEE
IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY,
BOYS...THERE'S
A COPY WAITING
FOR EACH OF YOU--
AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL
BIKE DEALER'S!



BIKE COMICS



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE... CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD-- HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE...
WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science